

What These Hands Can Really Do by gh0sttypeach

Series: [A Summer in Hawkins \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fingerfucking, Flo is mentioned like once, Fluff and Smut, Hand & Finger Kink, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn, Sex, Size Kink, Smoking, Smoking After Sex, Smut, This is embarrassingly long, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, brief mention of guns, literally there is no plot, slight size kink

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader

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Summary:

It's your first time with Hopper and he keeps his promise.

What These Hands Can Really Do

Author's Note:

Almost a year later but I'm back with a part 2!! You don't have to read Handyman first (but I recommend it).

You squeal when Hopper tosses you onto your bed, giggling uncontrollably. He quickly follows you, climbing on top of you, pressing his body against yours and you knew he was tall but feeling him against you, you feel much smaller under his big frame. He kisses you with much more fervor than your first kiss. It's rougher, more wanting, more dare you say lustful. Throwing your arms around his neck, you pull him closer to you, just as hungry for his lips as he is for yours. You're entirely engrossed with the sensation of making out with your long-term crush except for whatever is digging into your side and you quickly realize what it is.

"Wait, wait, wait," you say, pushing his shoulders away as best you can (which is not easy).

"What?" Hopper asks, concern drawing two lines between his eyebrows. "Do... did you change your mind?"

"God no, stopping where this is going is the last thing I want to do," you say. "Our guns." Nodding to the holster on his hip, he looks down to his waist.

"Oh shit, yeah," he chuckles, relieved. "Might wanna take those off." He goes for your belt first and you gasp quietly as his hand brushes over the fabric of your pants. He grabs your holster and pulls the belt out of the loops, the buckle getting stuck but he wiggles it out. Hesitantly, you place your hands on his belt and begin to undo it.

"Feeling brave?" he quips with a smirk and your face flushes. You go to pull your hands away but he grabs them, an encouragement for you to continue. You grab the leather and pull it out of the buckle and yank the belt by his holster. The buckle gets stuck and when you yank it without realizing you need to maneuver it out of the loop, Hopper nearly falls onto his side, caught off guard.

"You're stronger than you look," he smiles, leaning on one elbow to help you.

"I didn't tackle that dude that robbed the gas station because I'm

not,” you smile, pushing yourself up to attempt to kiss him as he finishes taking his belt off, your lips landing on the corner of his mouth. After laying both your belts on your nightstand, he returns to kissing you, a little more reserved than a few minutes prior but you still find just as much passion in the way his lips move against yours. He begins to kiss down your neck, beard rubbing against your skin and leaving red marks in its wake but you couldn’t care less. With one hand he begins to try and start unbuttoning your shirt but he struggles to keep himself up, keep his mouth on you, and unbutton. Shifting under him, you move his hand away to finally rid yourself of your work shirt and deftly undo the buttons before moving onto his shirt, emboldened by his attempt to take yours off. As your hands move down his chest undoing buttons, he brings his hand down to cup your clothed cunt, dragging his fingers up the seam before unbuttoning and unzipping your work pants and you suck in a breath, arching your back. He sits back, yanking your khakis down, jerking you with them.

“Sorry,” Hopper mutters with a chuckle.

“Gonna give me whiplash, Chief,” you laugh, sitting up and pushing your pants the rest of the way down and off.

“Sorry. Haven’t done this in a while.” He rubs the back of his neck and you’re pretty sure this is the first time you’ve ever seen Jim Hopper embarrassed. Putting your hands on his cheeks, you pull him into a kiss.

“Me neither,” you mutter between kisses, peppering his face with them. If you would have been paying attention you would have seen the slightly surprised look on his face. He places his hands back on you, one trailing down your arm and you’re pretty sure he could wrap his hand around your whole bicep and you would be lying if you said you hadn’t fantasized about them and what they would feel like touching you. Shrugging your work shirt off, you toss it somewhere in your room and you’re left in your undershirt. When you feel his hand slip past the seam of your panties, you gasp and wrap your arms around his neck. He presses his lips to your neck and you can feel him smiling. You’re about to slap his back and ask him why he’s smiling but then his fingers slide against your cunt and you can’t hold back the moan that escapes your mouth.

“Jesus sweetheart, I’ve barely touched you,” he says, pulling his hand back up to look at his glistening fingers before smirking at you. Heart skipping a beat when he calls you sweetheart, you let out a huff of

nervous laughter and try to hide it by pulling your undershirt off and dropping it next to your bed.

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this," you whisper, pulling him by his unbuttoned shirt into a kiss.

"Neither do you," he huffs between sloppy kisses. "Do you know how many times I wanted to call you into my office? Fuck you on my desk, keep my hand over your mouth to keep you quiet?" You feel your pussy clench around nothing at the image he conjures in your head, face flushing red.

"I wish you would've," you say before you can stop yourself, eyes going wide at your own response. He just smirks at you, pulling at your panties and you lift your hips so he can pull the fabric off. Kissing you, he leans into you until you're laying down again. You're so distracted by his mouth on yours that you don't notice where his hand is until he touches you, calloused fingers rubbing up and down your wet cunt and you squeak in surprise. When his fingers circle your clit, you suck in a breath, hands fisting into the fabric of his shirt. He smiles at you before latching his lips onto your neck, sucking marks into your skin and you're glad you have the weekend off, hopefully the marks he leaves will be easier to cover by Monday. His fingers move against your core in a way that you have never been touched before, he's an expert, he has you moaning his name within minutes.

"Oh fuck, Hopper," you whine, pressing your body up into his and he presses into you to push you back down into your mattress. His fingers had probed at your entrance so many times when he was touching you that you're not expecting it when he actually slips his finger into you. You let out a high-pitched moan at the feeling, you couldn't even remember all the times you quite literally dreamed about this.

"Fuck, you're tight," he mutters, looking down at his hand.

"I t-told you it... it's been a while." You're finding it very hard to speak when he's slowly thrusting his finger in and out of you.

"Holy shit your finger is like two of mine," you gasp, squirming from his touch. He makes a noise half way between a moan and a grunt when you say that. For a while you've only had yourself, so you've grown accustomed to your own hand and from just one finger you know he'll satisfy you in a way that you could rarely if ever achieve alone. His finger slides in and out and you quickly grow accustomed to the feeling, it's one you've been dying for longer than you'd care to

admit. You've already found that he likes to distract you with kisses so when his lips find your neck again and begin trailing down to your chest you know he's going to do something. Your suspicions are confirmed when he starts sucking a mark into the top of your breast and pushes a second finger into your dripping cunt.

"Oh fuck," you bite, clenching your teeth and closing your eyes at the stretch. "Shit Hop, you're..." You can't find the words to express just how good you feel, it's better than you could have ever imagined.

"Are you okay?" he asks and you find concern in his eyes when you open yours.

"Yeah, yeah," you pant, placing your hands on his cheeks. "You're just..." You experimentally move your hips a bit and immediately moan at the feeling.

"Holy shit, you're... you're good," you huff, unable to think of anything better.

"I told you," he smiles, giving you an open-mouthed kiss before returning his mouth to your chest. Very slowly, he pulls his fingers almost entirely out and maybe even slower, pushes them back in, drawing a long moan from you. Gradually he speeds up, fingers dragging against you and making you arch your back. When you start pushing your hips into his thrusts, grinding into his hand, he starts rubbing your clit with his thumb. Your moans become more frequent as you begin to feel a familiar tightness in your core.

"You close?" he asks, moving back up to kiss your lips. You can only nod and whimper, his fingers pumping into you rendering you speechless. He just chuckles, curving his fingers to hit your g-spot just right.

"Fuck!" you cry, squeezing your eyes shut. You're getting closer by the second, his fingers working wonders on your pussy.

"That's it," Hopper murmurs. He's a little out of practice with his dirty talk but you seem to be doing just fine without it.

"That's it, let it go sweetheart." Your hands grip his shirt once again, orgasm quickly approaching. All at once it washes over you and you barely register yourself moaning his name over and over as you cum, legs shaking and breath coming in uneven gasps. He slows his fingers, working you through your orgasm and his languid strokes cease as you come down from your high.

"Holy shit," you gasp, blinking up at Hopper. Smiling, he kisses you and pulls his fingers out, drawing a shuddering exhale from you.

"I told you I was gonna show you what these hands could really do."

You can't help but roll your eyes at him before leaning over the side of your bed to grab your undershirt.

"Here, wipe your hand with this, I'm washing it later anyways." Handing him the white shirt you shrug, hoping he doesn't think it's weird or gross. As he's cleaning your slick off, your eyes fall to the very prominent bulge in his pants and you honestly don't realize you're staring until he calls you out.

"See something you like?" Your face flushes and you look away, trying to focus on something else. Tossing your undershirt, he gives you a few chaste kisses.

"I would uh... be down for a round two if you are," you say hesitantly, hands toying with the sleeves of his shirt.

"I'd love nothing more," he says, finally shrugging off his shirt and pulling his undershirt off. You've seen him without his shirt before but being able to put your hands on his chest and feel his skin under your palms is totally different. Trailing your hands down, you practically revel in the feeling. Hesitantly, you unbutton and unzip his slacks before pushing them down at his hips. You hadn't meant to push his underwear down too, but they come down with his pants and you bite your lip when his cock springs free, finally seeing it for the first time. You had always imagined he was big but fuck, you can practically already feel the soreness you're probably going to feel tomorrow. He lets you give a few tentative touches without making smartass quips at you, fingers brushing feather light before you wrap your hand around the base, moving up and down with a few test strokes. He tries to hold back a grunt when you pick up speed a bit then grabs your wrist. Wordlessly he takes his cock in his hand and moves to rub the head at your entrance. You moan, still slightly sensitive and when you look at Hopper's face, it's one of absolute bliss despite having barely done anything yet and that's when you know he's been dreaming about this just as long as you have. He stops and just when you're about to ask him why he rubs at your clit.

"Ah shit Hop," you huff, warmth spreading throughout your body yet again. He alternates between slow, languid circles and quick ones that make you squirm under his touch. When you start pushing your hips down into his hand he stops, swiping his fingers up your wet folds before using your slick to coat his cock then rubbing it against your cunt again. Leaning on his forearm next to your head, he looks at you.

"You ready?" he asks, a smirk on his face but all the seriousness in

the world in his eyes.

"Been waiting for this for a long time, Chief. Shit yeah," you say, pulling his face to yours for a kiss. He nods and you feel the blunt head of his cock slowly enter you, his arm coming up to rest on the other side of your head. Letting out a long, very pleased sigh, you're glad he warmed you up first, you can feel every goddamned millimeter of him. Hands finding his head, you start running your fingers through his hair and all you can do is breathe until he finally bottoms out. He sits a moment to let you adjust but then sucks in a breath.

"Fuck le-let up sweetheart, relax," Hopper stutters, looking down to where his cock has disappeared into your pussy then back up to you, hand smoothing the hair back from your forehead.

"Sorry," you whisper, you hadn't even noticed you were clenching him. Leaning down, he kisses you to try to distract you and get you to ease up, sighing into your mouth when you relax.

"There you go babe, just relax," he whispers against your mouth, still letting you adjust. Part of you wants him to just move his hips and fuck your brains out but you know that probably isn't a good idea. At least not yet. So you wait until you're used to the feeling of him inside you, starting to wiggle your hips when you're ready and need some friction. Hopper begins slow, easy thrusts and the stretch you feel becomes less of a burning sensation and more and more pleasurable.

"Is it what you always dreamed it would be?" he asks with a cocky smile. Slapping his shoulder, you laugh.

"Everything and more... oh shit," you huff as his cock drags against you.

"Are you okay?" he asks, stopping and petting your hair again and you realize how nervous he actually is.

"Yeah," you nod, putting your hands on his cheeks, stroking his beard. "I'll tell you, don't worry. I'm good. Very good." He nods, beginning to slowly thrust into you again. You moan as he picks up speed a bit, headboard beginning to knock against the wall.

"Fuck, h-harder," you stutter, hands gripping his big shoulders the best you can. He starts going faster, hips slapping against yours and you cry out in pleasure, cock dragging against your g-spot over and over, tears starting to form in the corners of your eyes. Heat is building low in your belly and he begins alternating between slower thrusts and quicker ones, beginning to pant above you.

"You gettin' close baby?" he asks, readjusting on his forearms.

"Yeah, yes, yes," you whisper, moving a hand down to rub at your clit.

"Good, me too," he huffs and you wrap your legs around his torso, heels digging into his lower back. A few more hard thrusts have you teetering on the edge.

"Shit Hop, fuck," you moan, a slew of curses falling from your lips intermixed with his name as you cum, nails digging into your palms when you curl them into fists behind his head, every muscle in your body tightened.

"God sweetheart, so... fuckin'... good," he grunts, rocking his hips into you before stilling and burying himself deep inside you, spilling himself and you can feel his cock twitch, cunt clamping down on him. Both coming down from your high, you grab Hopper's face and kiss him, breathing heavily through your nose. Slowly he pulls his softening cock from you and you sigh, feeling empty but very satisfied.

"Holy fuck babe," Hopper murmurs, flopping down on your bed next to you.

"Yeah," you whisper, breathing slowing down.

"That was good," he says, just staring at your ceiling.

"Yeah," you repeat, arms above your head. He reaches over the side of your bed and grabs his pants, pulling out a lighter and box of cigarettes, leaning against your headboard. You silently watch him light it and take a long drag before scooting up and snuggling into his side and he puts his arm around you.

"Shouldn't you head back to the station soon?" you ask as he holds his cigarette out to you. You take it and take a long drag before handing it back.

"Nah, I'll just tell 'em I went home after dropping you off or something," he shrugs, puffing smoke out of his mouth and tapping the cigarette on the ashtray on your nightstand before passing it back to you.

"You know they're not gonna believe that right?" you chuckle. "At least Flo won't."

"Ah whatever. I'm sure they're all glad we finally got it on." You just roll your eyes and playfully slap his chest with the back of your hand. Falling into a comfortable silence, you watch as he finishes the cigarette then puts the butt out and tosses it in your ashtray.

"Whaddya say we go on a date next weekend?" he asks, pulling you

tighter against him.

“Like a real one?” you ask, looking up to him. He gives you a pointed look and you chuckle.

“Yeah, I think I’d like that very much.”